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a coalheaver, the face of a Flemish cook and no top to her head under the liberty cap, that person of dubious sex, is now a definitely feminine and not uncomely person who wears a close-fitting cap to which wings are attached. "Liberty" is the inscription, likewise "In God We Trust" and "1916." But there is a little W behind the divinity's neck which gives much trouble to some people because it stands for the name of the sculptor.

Now there is precedent for the appearance of the initials of artists on coins of the United States, but, as we found in the case of the Lincoln penny by Brenner, there are those who regard such signatures as unwarranted. However that may be, here is another instance when a sculptor has been clever enough to run the gantlet of the United States Treasury plus the Mint, and manages to land an initial on a coin. They say that Yankees are pushing and even impudent, but the two sculptors in question are foreign born, naturalized Americans, with nothing of the Yankee about them. Mr. Weinman's dime has merit obversely, but the reverse leaves much to be desired. Here we have the fasces of a Roman lictor, symbol of the life-and-death power of the Roman magistrate before whom the fasces were borne—the headman's axe peeps from the bundle of rods. The latter is relieved against a leafy branch of laurel which detracts from rather than improves the design.

Few sculptors exhibit a feeling for the delicacies of medal or coin, the sense of proportion, the knowledge how much to place on a small round surface. In the Lincoln penny Brenner has made the head just a trifle too small; the designer of the new nickel five-cent piece has made the head of the Indian, as well as the figure of the buffalo much too large for the circle. We are slowly improving our coins on the artistic side, but we have a great deal to do in this matter before we can hope to have them what they might easily be made—little art works that will speak well for the taste of Americans.

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ZIGZAGS OF HEWLETT ABOUT TUSCANY

In his books of discovery dealing with nooks and corners of central Italy the author of "Earthwork Out of Tuscany" and "Road in Tuscany" pokes into nooks and corners of art and now and then pokes fun at art critics and historians who are guiltless of all sense of the ridiculous. He makes himself the champion of painters and sculptors whom the solemn ones—not content with placing in the second rank—have deprived of all command. Somewhat stilted in style, Hewlett is more readable than the ordinary overwrought British stylist. In his "Road in Tuscany" there are sticking bits anent Italian literature and Italian art. Concerning Tuscany he says: "If Tuscany itself was never a nation—as essentially it was not, but rather an estate of the Medicis—how should Italy be?"

Sempre la confusion delle persone
Principio fu del mal della cittade

says Cacciaguida to Dante. Where every townsman's hand was against his neighbor, the city was at the mercy of the most ruthless hand, and if, as mostly

was the case, there were two hands equally strong, it must fall to the foreigner. So fell one after the other all the towns in Tuscany to the strongest of the Medici; and so had fallen Florence herself to this most Florentine race.

"So much for character in Tuscan history; in Tuscan art, if I am not mistaken, it is the root of the whole matter.

"Just as Tuscan landscape is by no means pre-eminently beautiful, so Tuscan art, judged by the standards of Venice, Holland, Spain, fails in respect of body, form and abiding splendor, and Tuscan literature (Dante and Macchiavelli always apart) is trivial and diffuse.

"The charm of all three is character in landscape: the distinct clean colors—the gray, the cool blue, the yellow—the shapes of the trees, cypress, plane and ilex, and above all the buildings, which make the Val d'Arno a garden; in art the candor of the child, which every Tuscan is, though it make parody of tragedy and mystery play of the Christian verities, disarms the mind by stroking the heart.

"To look at the Tuscan picture, to judge it, is to feel your little son's hand at your chin at the moment you will scold. What can you do but give the sweet coax a kiss? And so in literature. There is a scent, an aroma, a pungency indefinable about the most frivolous Tuscan sonneteer, an orderly disposition in the conduct of their insipid novels—qualities which as a writer you must respect and as a reader admire; qualities which set rhymes and rhymesters apart. Other things may be better done but not these things. A Tuscan is always himself.

"Every field apart" remarks Hewlett "is a welcome field when once you can see the people who till it and those who go a-reaping there. Lastly, let technique and all such frippery be far from him. These things conceal exactly what he wishes to discover; they are trade secrets which amuse and instruct the trade.

"Let cooks delight in the mixing of dishes, but let gentlemen eat of them."

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THE NEW YORK WATER COLOR CLUB

This year's exhibition of the New York Water Color Club is very interesting and deserves a visit from every one interested in art as well as close study. Let us hope the public has not neglected it.

Some charmingly poetic things are there, worthy to hang on any parlor wall and likewise a number of amusing trivial things, not very good, not very bad. But, hilarious to contemplate, space is given to some degenerate Futuristic creations.

Why the jury of acceptance could not see that these degrading art dodgers lower the prestige of the Club and its members in the mind of a normal public is a mystery. Are they bent on self-destruction—as far as the respect of the public and its patronage is concerned? How many more artists shall there be, forced to starve before they recognize that the sane public respects only sane art?

Then there is the surprise of the Hudnut prize. Ordinarily the awarding of prizes in the current art exhibitions rouses no interest in any one beyond a few artists concerned and their friends. But at this

exhibition of the Water Color Club, under conditions that might be of some concern to the public, there has been awarded a prize of \$100 donated by Mr. Alexander M. Hudnut for the most meritorious water color in the exhibition, given this year for the first time. So far nothing out of the ordinary. The manner of awarding the above prize, however, was altogether unique and original—for Mr Hudnut stipulated that the jury should be composed of art critics of renown.

Mr. Hudnut deserves the gratitude of the art-loving community in thus furnishing a test whereby the public might ascertain beyond the shadow of a doubt the æsthetic acumen and artistic judgment of the art critics of three of the leading journals of the metropolis.

It was a most important event for the future of the Water Color Club and American art, and illustrates how Providence often selects humble instruments to effect far-reaching results. For instead of choosing the dignified Academy with its added prestige of the Society of American Artists, it selected the unpretentious Water Color Club to present to the world the acid test of awarding a prize to the most meritorious painting by a jury of professional art critics, or possibly was it the cosmic spirit of the cosmos that, through the agency of the Water Color Club and Mr. Hudnut invested the dignified members of the jury with cap and bells? The result would seem to justify this latter conclusion.

Instead of giving the prize to one of the very serious efforts, they awarded it to Mr. George Luks for one of the most trivial and amateurish works in the Exhibition, feeble in its crudity and of no great artistic merit, either in composition or form or color—slipshod in drawing and of little interest save a charming blue color. Possibly it might be serviceable as a colored comic for a Sunday supplement.

Perhaps the members of the jury may realize, some day, that it is one thing to write cleverly worded criticisms of art, with the assistance of encyclopædias and books of reference, and another affair to judge of the real æsthetic value of a picture without either theoretical or technical knowledge, or a concern for the highest interests of American art, *i. e.*, the production of something more than a clever stunt in brush-work.

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SMALL SCULPTURE EXHIBITS

Annual exhibits of small sculpture at the Gorham Gallery on Fifth Avenue are becoming a welcome supplement to those larger shows, made, alas, seldom enough by the National Sculpture Society! This winter's collection is perhaps the best yet, certainly the largest and most varied—not to speak of the setting of greenery and carpet of autumn leaves provided by Mr. Purdy the manager of the Gorham exhibitions. On the floor where sales are made the bronzes are too closely placed; they confuse the visitor and repel him by monotony of color. But the exhibition on the highest floor gives an opportunity to vary and separate and group the statues and statuettes and reliefs about a fountain or in an alcove, so that one may readily imagine how a given bit of sculpture might look by itself and in fitting surroundings. Some of the better known sculptors

contribute good work: Attilio Piccirilli shows a "Perseus" in a fine, defiant, exulting pose full of movement, the severed head of Medusa between his feet; Hinton Perry a monumental figure of "Memory" larger than life; Andrew O'Connor a vivid "Fisher Boy"; Cyrus Dallin some characterful Indians in statuette; Chester Beach various dainty fancies in marble; Solon Borglum various Cowboy and Bronco sensations; Herbert Adams a "Nymph of Fynmere." Among the newer names: Miss Jessie M. Lawson supplies a lovely figurine in bronze called "Daphne"—as charming as a bit from the Renaissance; Mario Korbel a "Meditation" well posed and expressive; Cecil Howard a very decorative standing Nubian Woman with bushy head of hair, slender calves, long feet, thick lips—full of Egyptian antique art; and Miss Renée Prahar a study of "War" with long talon-like toes and fingers, long eyes, ears and limbs, who skulks along with arms behind him like an Afreet of the Arabs. These are only some of the notable bits in an attractive collection of to-day's output in sculpture.

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LOSS TO IRISH ARCHÆOLOGY

By the death of George Coffey of Dublin archæology loses a writer who has done much by careful, cautious study to place the Irish past in its relation with that of the rest of Europe. He was director of antiquities in the Dublin Museum and carried on his work when stricken with paralysis long after another man might have given up in despair. His work appears for the most part in journals of archæology and his approvers are men of a similar line of study, like M. Solomon Reinach and the editors of the *Revue Celtique*. Among his most interesting studies is the tracing of certain decorative forms of the spiral and lozenge, found on very ancient stonework in Ireland, to similar designs in the Baltic region, in Russia and the Mediterranean, as if the people bringing them had migrated through the Black Sea, up the great Russian rivers, along the coasts of the Baltic into Britain and Ireland. His son Dermot Coffey has followed his father into later times with studies of Irish leaders of the Elizabethan period.

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ANECDOTES OF MANET

When Edouard Manet was a youth the family insisted that he should follow his father at the law, while he insisted on the contrary that he must paint. A compromise was made by his going to sea as a midshipman in the *Guadeloupe*, a merchantman out of Havre for Rio de Janeiro. The captain was acquainted with Manet's mania and like an able commander made use of the situation. His cargo contained many Dutch cheeses that lost their proper color on the voyage. What does he do but set little Manet to work with brushes and paint "restoring" these modern Dutch masters to their rightful note of color! Manet used to tell this yarn with great gusto when he became a painter.

Edouard Manet, innovator in the technic of painting, was also a Parisian and "man about town." As a member of the militia during the Franco-Prus-